

LINCOLN STEFFENS

HIS COLUMN

The ideal result of the presidential election would be an overwhelming, weak majority for Hoover—almost unanimous—and a strong minority for Foster; with no waste of votes for Roosevelt, Thomas or anybody else. Just Hoover and Foster. Hoover to bring on the end of our good old crooked system; Foster to be the sharp entering wedge of the beginning of the New, which is already on earth.

¶ Carmel will probably set an example to the world. So far as I can make out, the natural-born Republicans who were sore at Hoover's personification of their character, faith, ideals and interests, are getting back into the flock. Some of the Democrats who cannot yet see that they are only left-handed Republicans, are beyond my reach. I'm sorry for them, but I understand their inability to look themselves in the face of Mr. Hoover and see the likeness. And there are idealists who so love idealism that they don't want their ideals brought down to earth; these will vote for Thomas and the Socialist party which will only do the best they can, without disturbing the rent, interest and dividends. But the great majority of Carmel are as trustworthy as a Wall Street bank, I think. And I've heard them talk, paid no heed to what they said but watched for what they didn't know they meant. Hoover may be in some danger in the United States, but in highbrow, artistic, contented Carmel the great engineer is solid.

¶ Being sure of that and, therefore, of our unflinching progress along the course we are on, I can now with some safety suggest to the few intelligentsia that they drop their votes in the bag for Foster and the Future. That's what I am going to do; and not only to put salt on the Hoover-Republican tail.

¶ There's a spectacle for demagogues and a story for school readers in the way our candidate for President went to Iowa, met face to face those funny

—continued on page four

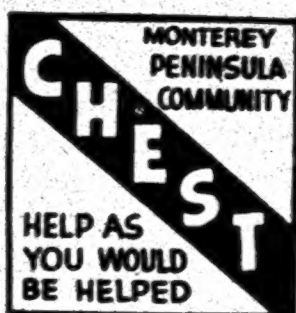
THE CARMELITE

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VOL. CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1932

NO. 34

Give—Not Only Money but Thought



This is a time of grave danger. As the burden of charity upon the country becomes heavier each year, suffering increases, shiftlessness increases, resentment increases. It is a time for vision and discrimination. Let us be careful lest with all our giving we stand aside from the real solution of the problem. There is only one solution—WORK.

¶ Men cannot go on being fed and lying idle without degenerating. We are concerned when the body hungers, but we are not concerned when the spirit dies. The deepest nobility in man demands that he shall struggle for his bread. Rich and poor alike decay when this does not take place. The struggle whets the appetite—tensions the spirit.

¶ Charity, if it is really love, tries to go to the root of things; tries to find a way to make men self-respecting, clear-eyed and strong. It tries to find work; to get rid of sloth and resigned acceptance. Let us help those organizations which are trying to supply work. Let us give with all our emphasis on this necessity.

¶ Children must be fed. It is little short of crime that children in America should starve while wheat is being burned. There are children going hungry in Carmel. But that is not the gravest danger to the children. Too often they are born into an atmosphere of sordid idleness. They are born to the idea of charity. They take it as a matter of course. What will they be as men if their fathers continue idle?

¶ Let us give not only our money but our hearts to this problem. He who writes a check merely takes the first step. He who helps to put a man to work is helping to lift the cloud which hangs over the future of this nation.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

EDITORIAL NOTE.—While most of the agencies of the Community Chest will, as a matter of common necessity, devote their energies during the coming year to some form of unemployment relief, donors to the fund may specify the particular agency or relief procedure to which they wish their contributions to apply.

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NEW POST OFFICE PROMISED FOR CARMEL

Announcement was made yesterday that a call for bids on a post office site in Carmel is soon to be issued. A sum of eighty-five thousand dollars for site and building has been allocated by the Treasury Department under terms of the Garner-Wagner bill, but definite orders to proceed with the project have not been issued.

Postmaster W. L. Overstreet expects to receive within a few days the forms on which offers of sites must be submitted. Already nine sites have been offered unofficially at prices ranging from thirteen thousand to thirty-two thousand. Based on general experience, it is expected that approximately one-fifth of the total appropriation will be earmarked for purchase of the building site. The minimum area required is sixteen thousand square feet, equivalent to four standard Carmel lots.

The Treasury Department announces that the bids will be opened in Washington on November seventeenth.

MRS. WILLIAM L. OVERSTREET
In the death of Mrs. William L. Overstreet, which occurred at the family home last Saturday, Carmel lost one of its best known, and in point of residence one of its oldest, residents.

Through association with her husband, Postmaster W. L. Overstreet in founding and conducting for a number of years the "Pine Cone," and through varied other interests, Mrs. Overstreet was prominent in community activities for nearly twenty years, and while her death, following a lingering illness, did not come unexpectedly, it was none the less the occasion of widespread regret.

A large assemblage of friends at the funeral services on Monday attested the esteem in which Mrs. Overstreet was held. Burial was in El Carmelo cemetery, Pacific Grove, with the following acting as pall-bearers: Charles Berkey, Argyll Campbell, Ray DeYoe, John B. Jordan, Guy Koepp and Paul Prince.

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THE CARMELITE: OCTOBER 20, 1932

POINT LOBOS ACQUIRED AS STATE PARK

Extended negotiations for the acquisition of Point Lobos have been brought to a successful conclusion, according to a special dispatch from Sacramento to the "Monterey Peninsula Herald."

Purchase of the property by the state from the heirs of A. M. Allan has been authorized at a reported consideration of six hundred thousand dollars. The tract has an area of approximately four hundred fifty acres, with a shore frontage of three and one-half miles.

Incidental to the purchase, the Allan heirs are to deed as a gift to the state a fifteen-acre tract on the Point proper, as a memorial to A. M. Allan. This tract includes the famous cypress grove, protection of which is assured by restrictions in the terms of the gift.

"OUTSIDE" ZONING

A public hearing on the proposed plan for zoning the unincorporated areas adjacent to Carmel will be held next Tuesday afternoon. A tentative scheme prepared by the County Planning Commission under the chairmanship of Reeve Conover will form the basis of the hearing, which must be followed by a second statutory meeting before approval can be granted by the Board of Supervisors.

The plan provides for zoning of Carmel Woods, Hatton Fields and the Carmel Mission area as well as a 500 foot strip on each side of the Monterey-Carmel road. Carmel river is the southerly boundary of the area proposed for zoning. Primarily the object is to preserve the residential character of these districts, but provision is made for a limited number of service stations and auto camps.

A CORRECTION

In the financial statement issued by the Carmel Employment Commission last week, the amount raised by outdoor luncheons should have been given as two hundred sixty-five dollars. Through a misunderstanding, one hundred dollars from this source was incorrectly credited to the item of private subscriptions.

F. M. S.

The next meeting of the Federated Missionary Society, to be held at the Community Church on Wednesday, October twenty-sixth, will be devoted to a study of the North American Indians with Mrs. Willis G. White leading the discussion. There will be on display an exhibit of Indian crafts, loaned by Mrs. Iva C. Rogers.

PROMISE OF MERRIMENT FROM "THE DEVIL IN THE CHEESE"

by WINSOR JOSSELYN

"My word, 'The Devil in the Cheese' has snap!"

That's a popular advertising line, somewhat paraphrased, but all the better for it. This play at the Carmel Community Playhouse, coming the end of next week, is one lively evening of entertainment.

It's a fantastic comedy located in sunny Greece. More than one will remark how parts of it remind him of "The Beggar on Horseback," but this is not saying it is like anything you have seen before. The "Beggar" memory comes during the scenes taking place in the love-filled mind of seventeen-year-old Goldina. And more than one ambitious young playwright will sigh with envy at the corking idea that author Tom Cushing has developed in this inside-the-mind sequence.

"The Devil in the Cheese" seems to come, as a title, from nowhere except within the play itself. It may be an ancient and honorable household phrase from China or Arabia or Egypt, where ancient and honorable things are sort of first cousins, but search fails to reveal it. There is, in the Koran, a saying "There is a devil in every berry of the grape," but this hardly applies to cheese so much as it does to some of our modern bootleg wine.

The title becomes active when we learn during the first act atop high Meteora, near Athens, that the multi-millionaire Quigley, with a yen for well-publicized archaeology, is a cheese addict. It comes right out and says in so many words that "If you're a cheese addict, you see devils!" Well, Mr. Quigley isn't so sure himself (even as other addicts are about devils coming from various things) but he does chance upon an ancient wine jug with a little encrusted box attached to its neck; in the box is some perfectly preserved cheese, and an inscription saying that whoever tastes of it shall know youth.

Regardless of past devils—and this particular cheese is the strongest he has ever tasted—he takes considerable of it. This removes the imprisoning curse on the Little God Min, sealed in the wine jar thousands of years before and depending on a mortal cheese-eater for freedom, and in gratitude he grants millionaire Quigley anything for which he wishes.

And thus Quigley is able to see the inside of his love-sick daughter's mind.

The three scenes within that golden-haired lass' thoughts will give you something to take home and chuckle over. Especially if you have daughters.

* * *

Director Galt Bell has a cast already well placed as to lines and grouping, and Rhoda and Richard Johnson have the costumes and sets to a point where the play could go on a week ahead of time if necessary. Those of us who labored with the curse of lateness in things theatrical know the relief of a cast in using a stage and its fixings that art familiar.

Write this: "The Devil in the Cheese," Community Playhouse, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week-end."

THE "NEW NEGRO" SINGS

by DENE DENNY

Kenneth Spencer, negro bass, gives a recital of negro spirituals and folk-songs in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday evening. The program will include "Deep River," "I Got a Home in Dat Rock," "Go Down Moses," "My Good Lord Has Been Here," and a number of other songs of the negro race and tradition. The songs will be broken, according to custom, by a reading of James Weldon Johnson's "Creation."

Young Spencer, only twenty-one, with a magnificent bass voice of the mellow deep quality that only negroes have, may be an important figure among the word's great singers, is the prophecy of

many San Franciscans who have heard him recently in concert.

A concert of negro spirituals is more than an opportunity to hear a beautiful voice. We collect the songs of the folk of Spain, of Bohemia, of the far-off East, lamenting that we have no folk-song of like merit in America. It is possible that nowhere is there a richer heritage than America's own negro spiritual. Its naive simplicity, its richness of idiom, and subtle variety of rhythm, its delicious humor, its emotional intensity born of a profound tragedy of suffering and the woes of an enslaved people—all these have given sincerity of utterance and depth of mood. But most of all, and setting the negro spiritual apart from all the folk-airs of northern and central Europe, is the quality of religious ecstasy that, as Dr. DuBois has pointed out, may be paralleled only in the Psalms. For always, transcending all agony, the negroes uplifted eye has elevated him to a mood of religious exaltation out of which have come songs of a race that are epic, and for which we have only the inadequate word of classic. This religious ecstasy is a thing quite unrelated to the hypnosis of a voodooistic ceremony; it has its roots deep in the soil of a one-mined and one-God people.

*"There is a wide, wide wonder in it all,
That from degraded rest and servile toil
The fiery spirit of the seer should call
These simple children of the sun and
soil."*

Carmel Community Players present

"THE DEVIL IN THE CHEESE"

by TOM CUSHING

Directed by GALT BELL

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

OCTOBER 27 - 28 AND 29

Thursday — Friday — Saturday

TICKETS on sale beginning Monday, October 24, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.
at booth directly opposite post office, and at box office from 7 P. M. to 9 P. M.
Telephone 815

Prices, including tax _____ \$1.65, \$1.10, 55c

THE CARMELITE

J. A. COUGHLIN — Editor and Publisher

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***The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.

Lincoln Steffens---continued

farmers and their righteous demands and—gave 'em nothing; not even a promise. A little tariff graft is all they get. That's the way to keep the peasants in their place. Our President is for us. We must be for him—forever. Business is business and so is politics and farming and bonus armies and—and everything but the Revolution.

Some people are emotionally stimulated by what they call the Reed Clubbers' claim to intelligence. A great error. It's the Communists, not the Reeders, who have to be intelligent; the Reeders are required only to be almost intelligent.

That's a pretty story Perry Newberry gives as his quite sufficient reason for calling his "The Authentic Autobiography." He called it that when, as a kid, he first wrote at it. And, by the way, a dip into here and there makes one want the whole book for a straight-away reading of a rich life. But to get the whole story in brief, take a long look at Edward Weston's portrait of the author. That might well be the frontispiece of the book.

Some one was regretting the other day that Newberry did not make himself the boss of Carmel. Too late now; we have a boss. But she's a woman. And the uniqueness of Carmel peers out of the fact that our boss is not a narrow political boss, but the mistress of our art, which is a special interest, the established institution of life in Carmel.

The directors of the Grand Opera opening showed some sense of the tragedy of that extravagant display at this time when they sprinkled plain-clothes cops among the audience and put a police force on guard outside. They knew it was a chance for the Communists to make a protest. And the Communists didn't; missed it for once. Maybe the Reds were content to let it be seen that the rich hadn't lost as

much relatively as the poor; that we didn't all suffer together.

Mussolini says his Fascist dictatorship took more lives than the Communists did. "The Russian cost only a few tens of victims. Ours has taken a vast sacrifice of young blood. The Duce should know. He told me once he watched and learned from the Russian change as it occurred.

There's plenty of time. Einstein reckons our age at ten billions, adding seven to the older estimate. And, by the way, the oldest figure of six days seems to have been very, very wrong.

Sapiro, one of Mooney's attorneys, is out. But Mooney's still in, a rallying leader for the Lefts. If I were a capitalist governor, down on Mooney and the Reds, I'd pardon Mooney, watch what happened, and laugh and laugh. But the upholders of law, the pillars of society, haven't any sense of humor.

Lloyd George, one of the founders of it, is in despair of the League of Nations. Well, I am and have been in despair of Lloyd George. A politician could not see that sovereign nations would not, could not, surrender their sovereignty to a world government just for an ideal.

A tea can be interesting, and important. At one I went to the other day, an experienced teacher gave me this present: "Children, little children, want to learn," she said. "I have been sure of that for a long time. But their parents do not want them to learn; not in the only way children can learn: by seeing through things to comprehension. That is a form of thinking and parents do not like to have their children think. This, too, I have long known. But my latest discovery is that teachers do not want to teach. They are content to herd their pupils along, group by group—altogether—without any comprehending, more or less by rote, thoughtless, accepting."

"So that's the way our herds of dumb adults are produced!"

"That's the way," she said.

Gandhi has won. The British gave in and so have some of the Indians. That great spiritual victory suggests that our school teachers might go on a fast to save the children from the taxpayers. The teachers might prefer to have some of us parents try it, but our fel-

low-taxpayers would, too; they would let us fast even unto death, even as they do the unemployed.

Look as if China was going to war again. The Christian General, Feng Yu-Hsiang, has returned to work.

The sub-heads of Governor Rolph's Republican administration of this great good state are quarrelling and, in their anger are giving one another away. Too bad. Some truth is apt to come out of a row like that, and no state can stand the truth. Us damned rascals ought to stand together as the national administrations of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover did and do. We had leaks and we stopped them up and, like honest men, went right on with our business. Only muck-rakers should take up the muck. Muck-makers should stick to their muck-making.

And Heney! Francis J. Heney, fighting prosecutor of frauds in three or four states, 'an incorrigible Progressive—he and Hiram Johnson have got together once more on this Hoover issue, and another Progressive movement may come out of the incident and go after the exposed condition of the Rolph administration. As an ex-Progressive I'm against that. As a radical I'd rather see Hoover, Rolph and the big-business backers of the Republican machine go on and finish up the chapter in history we are in, in style. And so give the uncompromising young Communists a chance to really do it.

The seventy Southern California editors who joined in a demand upon their Progressive Republican leader, U. S. Senator Johnson, for a leading statement for or against President Hoover, got an answer all right. A Progressive cannot be for a Conservative like Mr. Hoover; only reactionaries and radicals can be for Business as Usual. It was the northern editors who, knowing Hiram Johnson, did not ask him to speak, and described the editors who did as southern. How the seventy or more northern editors must have grinned at the articulate response of the Progressive Senator, who had been willing to keep still. Having broken silence, he may say more.

John O'Shea has given me a portrait he painted of my soul. It's awfully good; the picture, I mean.

We don't see things as they are; we see them as we are.

Porter Emerson Browne

COMMENTS ON THE TIMES

God help us Americans. Surely, the wife of Uncle Sam spent all her time reading Pollyanna. Nothing else could account for the superstupidoptimism of her children.

Writers hurl forth articles that this is the day of opportunity. The fair Lady is knocking the skin off her knuckles at your door. She does not knock once. She is a continual performance. And this in the face of bread lines, bankrupt cities, falling trade, wolf children daily growing by the tens of thousands. Lincoln Steffens has an article in a current publication ("Cosmopolitan.") It is optimistic. But if, for one moment, he thinks that his child, or mine, are going to have any opportunity along the ordered line that was ours, or that society is going to be reorganized along pleasant lines in the lifetime of his child, or of his children's children, then he is revealing a failure to grasp the elements of the situation that is appalling. Ogden Mills tells us that opportunities still are here in America for the youth. This leaves two questions. If they are here, are the unemployed walking around from choice; and why doesn't someone show the hungry where all these wonderful opportunities are? As a second question, if these United States of the Purple Decade are so filled with opportunity, why did Hoover himself have to spend a large part of his life in China, Africa or wherever? This, twenty years ago!

The United States is full of opportunities today—true. But they the Chances of Contraction.

You can rig the market. You can still make a little bootlegging. You will be able to make a clean-up right after election by selling the market short. Houses of ill-fame are systematized with a turnstyle and a cash register. There is still the racket that makes Chicagoans pay a quarter extra to get a suit pressed. There are all these and many others. But try to get a job of honest work or to do anything constructive, ethical and sound. And see what chance you have.

There will soon be wonderful opportunity for the unconventional gentlemen with ingenuity and guts.

He can be a robber baron, getting a good gang together and going somewhere to start a new country. He can be a Robin Hood and rob the rich to give to the poor. He can be a pioneer

with the traditions not of Boone and Kenton (for, as Franklin Roosevelt says, the frontier and the West, of Opportunity, are gone. Where are your mines, your vast ranches, your markets for hides and tallow and fat cattle?) but with new traditions to make which in an overpopulated land, will of necessity be messy.

Years ago there was a wise gent, far wiser than Hoover, Mills, Roosevelt, Steffens or any modern writer I know of, for he was philosophical, not emotional. He wrote with his head.

The name of this writer was Malthus. He had a theory that if people kept on breeding, some day the world could not raise sufficient food to feed its population.

As the world at that time was underpopulated, he was no doubt regarded by rank and file as a sort of General Crack. Everyone is who questions, unpleasantly, our future.

The world did not get overpopulated, save in spots. Though it is a wonder. Our scientists and sanitationists did their best.

But what did happen was that, owing to business and machine production, we achieved an unbalanced population. Which is worse. Had we had merely overpopulation, we would have been like China. Here and there a famine.

But we achieved far worse. We jammed a few millions people here, and a few more there, denuded our lands, saturated our markets, destroyed our money and our confidence in everything from ourselves and one another even to God. And now we can find no way to get our food to the people or our people to the food. This because our money medium is gone. All of which goes to show the pitiful fallacy of a Business Civilization in which money is the basic element.

And we will pay for our blunders with our lives. There is no reason for people to be in any spot in the world to the number of six millions, or one millions. Our cities are economic monstrosities. Indubitably we are coming to a better civilization. Nature will, see to that. But the tragedy of it is that it will come at the expense of millions of people and only over a period of hundreds of years. And the tragedy of this is that virtually every one of these pitiful little non-understanding humans is a likeable, gentle and kind creature. And, had man's wisdom kept pace with his ingenuity, today would be happy on the land, where the human animal was meant to live.

A CARMELITE IN GERMANY

Glimpses of the troubled situation in Germany are given in the following extracted portions of a letter from Kurt Hansch, formerly of Carmel: Germany's economic condition has changed from bad to worse. Six million unemployed, part-time work, no trade, no exports, high tariffs and high taxes, wage cuts and slashing of the dole, insurance and pensions—these are some of the causes of tension.

The present Cabinet is formed of counts and barons, backed up by the *Reichswehr* and the leaders of the Nazi party. Since Bruening was forced to retire and the new von Papen Cabinet has re-established martial law and has allowed the Nazis to wear their uniforms, the workers have realized the danger of Fascism.

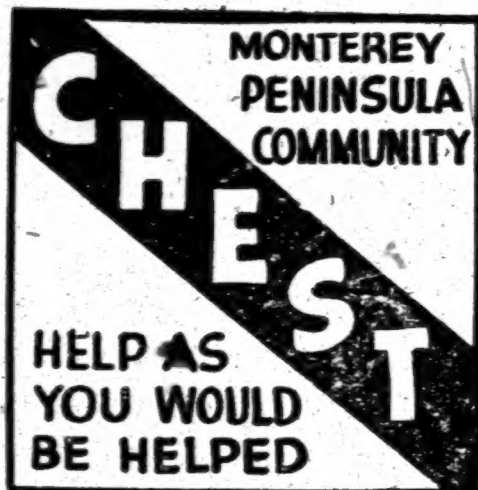
The four strongest political parties have their own private armies. The defense army of the Communists (*Roter Front Kaempfer Bund*) is still prohibited, but has itself concentrated into an Anti-Fascist United Front. The Republican Defense Army has about three million men in its ranks and can be looked upon as a police reserve. The Nazi party has about half a million troops, while a hundred thousand Fascists are under arms with the Republican army. The *Stabbelm* (Nationalists), once strong, have dwindled to a mere handful.

The workers of Germany have realized the danger of Fascism, but it was not always so. When I returned to Germany last March, there was a feeling among the masses that nothing could prevent the Fascists from taking over power. Behind this helpless feeling was the hope that if the Nazis attained power, they would not be able to remain for long. Today another psychology is in evidence: to fight the Fascists before they can reach the point of establishing a dictatorship. . .

Continuing, the letter gives details of unemployment relief—the dole—as administered by the government. Various classifications are established, according to ordinary earning capacity, and the allotment varies accordingly. A single man may receive from five and one-half to twelve marks per month; a married man with a family numbering up to six may receive as little as six and one-half marks per month and no more than twenty-eight marks. For comparative purposes, Mr. Hansch mentions that living in Hamburg on a modest scale, his minimum requirements for room and meals are fifteen marks per week.

JOHN REED CLUB
presents
ELLA WINTER
in a lecture on
"PRIVATE LIVES IN SOVIET
RUSSIA."

Lincoln Steffens in the chair
San Carlos Hotel, Monterey Sunday,
Oct. 22nd, 8:15 p. m.
Admission 40c
Questions and Discussion



RED CROSS "ROLL CALL"

(Correspondence)

National and local leaders in church, commercial, civic and labor circles are supporting the American Red Cross "Call" for memberships, which will be held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, November eleventh to twenty-fourth.

Chairman Daisy B. Taylor of the Carmel chapter is receiving assurances of the fullest co-operation.

Mrs. Emma Rendtroff, president of the Carmel Woman's Club, writes:

"The Red Cross is the most important of all the agencies ministering to human want. Its record of achievement in the past is such that the very name 'Red Cross' brings confidence and hope to those who need its assistance. As its resources in this time of great need are not equal to the demands made upon it, let each of us give generously and thus participate in the great cause which the Red Cross represents."

Mrs. Hurd Comstock, president of the

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Sunset Parent-Teachers Association, writes:

"In contributing to the Red Cross this year it will be good to remember that it is an organization which steps in immediately whenever there is an emergency. No matter on what scale help is needed, whether a general catastrophe or an individual calamity, assistance is immediately available. It is this ever-readiness which makes the American Red Cross an insurance against despair."

The "Roll Call" in Carmel will be in charge of a special committee with KISSAM JOHNSON as chairman.

CARMEL GUEST PRODUCTION IN SAN FRANCISCO

Edward Kuster's San Francisco production of "The Interloper," a revamped version of "Karl and Anna," was well received by the press. In the "Chronicle," George C. Warren wrote that "The Carmel actors gave a good performance, smooth, correct, and atmospheric."

Georgia Chalmers (the Marie of the Carmel production) came in for especial praise in the role of Anna—the part which Gloria Stuart created locally. Mr. Warren says of Georgia Chalmers that "her acting was remarkably fine. There are bits in the first scene with Karl that are worthy of our most distinguished actresses."

Ada Hanifin, in the "Chronicle," considered the production "intelligently directed, atmospheric, but too slowly paced." The story she labelled "unconvincing," but granted that "it is not the sort of play that acts itself—it demands artistry of its interpreters."

The "Call Bulletin," critic wrote that "but for the tiny blemish of mawkishness in the final curtain, it is a worthy play, worthily done."

Gloria Chalmers, Samuel Ethridge and Edward Kuster were the only members of the original Carmel cast to appear in the San Francisco revival at the Travers Theatre. Others in the production were Gabrielle Young-Hunter (Mrs. Kuster), Patsy Glascock, Ira Bartlow, Stephen Broder and Philip Mathias. "The Interloper" played for one week, with consistently good attendance.

Edward Kuster is now assembling a group of San Francisco players for his second booking at the Travers Theatre. He will present a comedy which he brought from Vienna several years ago and only recently finished translating.

"Let's call
Helen!"



THE young folks in your home
will join in so many good
times if your home has a—

TELEPHONE

*Any telephone man or woman
will gladly take your order*

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JEFFERS' TRIP TO IRELAND

by SYDKEY S. ALBERTS

When I returned Robinson Jeffers' "Descent to the Dead" to its place on the shelf after my first reading of it, I was disappointed with what I had read. Here was not the characterization, the descriptive power, the strength, of "Roan Stallion," "Tamar," "The Coast Range Christ," and "The Cawdor," the beauty of "Fauna," the sheer power of "The Tower Beyond Tragedy;" but poetry limited by a somewhat monotonous preoccupation with one subject, death.

When I was asked to review the book, I hesitated wondering whether I liked it well enough. Then I re-read the poetry several times. And now I am reviewing it, being of another opinion. "Descent to the Dead," I have come to feel, though of necessity not the equal of Jeffers' best work, because of its limited range of subject, is, in its more restricted field, a volume of permanent value.

A word about the circumstances of the writing. The trip of the Jeffers to Europe in 1929 goes back to 1914. Jeffers writes:

We were going to England (to live) in the autumn of 1914; but the August news turned us to this village of Carmel instead; and when the stagecoach topped the hill from Monterey, and we looked down through the pines and sea-fogs on Carmel-Bay, it was evident that we had come without knowing it to our inevitable place.

In 1929, after finishing "Dear Judas and Other Poems," Robinson Jeffers took his family abroad. Intending to remain away a year, they returned in half that time.

Jeffers' poetry, in its largest aspect, is indigenous to this country, and does not thrive on transplanting. For that reason alone, "Descent" falls short of its Western companions. The touch is concerned primarily with a definite group of people, and develops his philosophy through their conflicts with themselves and their environment. These he couldn't carry abroad with him. And it is when treating these that he is at his greatest.

Just why Robinson Jeffers went abroad I do not know. Perhaps it was to complete plans made fifteen years before. At any rate, the visit was a somewhat impersonal one. Jeffers went abroad to visit places rather than people, and the places visited seem predominantly to have been relics,—relics

of places and relics of people. He was "... a foreigner, one who has come to the country of the dead Before I was called, To eat the bitter dust of my ancestors"

and had come from

"... on the lake by Seattle, In the west of the world, where hardly Anything has died yet."

Going "to the country of the dead," what is more appropriate than to write of death and the dead, particularly if the poet already believes that

"Man will be blotted out, the blithe earth die, the brave sun

Die blind, his heart blackening."

The poetry contained in "Descent to the Dead," is the ultimate expression of that sense of inevitable frustration and futility that pervades Robinson Jeffers' other work.—"Contempo."

FOR RENT—Guest house, with bath and breakfast nook. Water, gas and electricity free in low winter rental. Near Pine Inn. Telephone 934.

A. B. -- "Andy" Jacobsen

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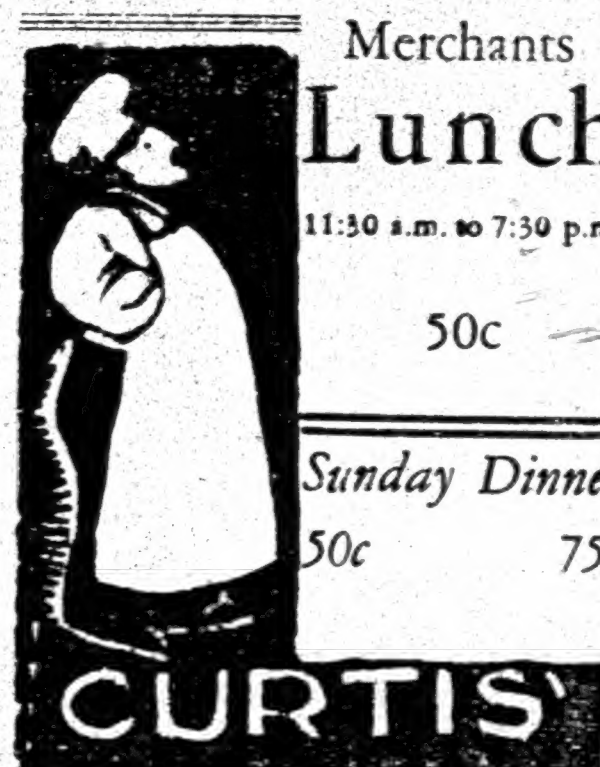
11:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.

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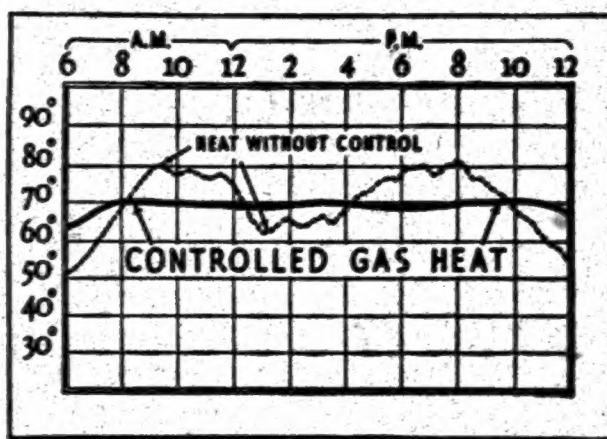
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carefree method of house heating. Then you should install Controlled Heating with Natural Gas and stop worrying.

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THE CARMELITE: OCTOBER 13, 1932

CARMEL'S BONDED DEBT

Only fifty-three out of two hundred seventy-seven incorporated cities and towns in California have a smaller per capita bonded indebtedness than Carmel, the California Taxpayers Association reports as the result of a recent state-wide survey.

With total bonds outstanding in the sum of \$19,500, Carmel's per capita rate works out at eight dollars and sixty-three cents. Interest payments on the bonded debt for the current year amount to one thousand one hundred and fifteen dollars. Issues represented are the fire department bonds of 1930 and the sand dune bonds, the latter hearing retirement.

PRIVATE LIVES IN RUSSIA

(Correspondence)

Is Soviet Russia a country of "love locked out," as some tourists assert? Are they breaking up the home? Are women nationalized? Is everyone immoral? These and other such questions meet the returned visitor from the Soviet Union.

Ella Winter has just finished a book answering these and similar queries; it is called "Red Virtue" and will be published by Harcourt Brace and Company in the early spring. Before she leaves for New York next week, Ella Winter will give a farewell lecture under auspices of the John Reed Club, embodying the chapters in her book dealing with private lives under the Soviets.

The lecture will be given in the Solarium of Hotel San Carlos next Sunday evening at eight fifteen. Lincoln Stefens will be in the chair.

EXHIBITIONS

A "Black and White" exhibition under auspices of the Carmel Art Association will be held in the Denny-Watrous Gallery beginning on November twentieth and continuing two weeks. Included in the exhibition will be pencil sketches, drawings, etchings, monotypes, block prints, sketches for murals, architectural renderings exclusive of easel pictures, oils, water-colors and pastels.

Water-colors, lithographs and decorative screens by Stanley Wood are being shown in the galleries of Vickery, Atkins and Torrey, San Francisco. The exhibit continues until November fifth. Nils Gren, whose paintings were shown recently at the Hagemeyer Studio, is exhibiting currently at the Paul Elder Gallery, San Francisco.